

A Tribute to Mother

The word, "Mother" is derived from the Latin word - "Mater" - in the early ages it was applied to nature, then taken over as a title for our female parent. Down through long years of time it has been carried until to-day the word means much to the member of any family.

"Mother"! - What does it mean to you? - to any of us?

The same, perhaps, as it meant to little Mary Jane, who together with her mother and father were visiting on a farm. ~~It was~~ Mary Jane's first visit to the rural districts and she was endeavoring to remember the different animals - their cries and their names. One day she saw a calf in the barnyard calling in a mournful tone and running to her mother. She pointed to it and said, "Just look at the poor colt - neuving for its mother!"

Have it we, too, the same idea? Do it we think Mothers are helps, in times of sorrow - trouble or need? It is, at least, the first thought, that enters a Child's mind.

I like to think of my own Mother
as a companion. When she
speaks to each of us, her eyes
light up - brimfull of love &
affection - Our first knowledge
of God, too, was given by her
when we were wee tots
when she used to teach us
our prayers by her side.
Her own happiness seems to be
in seeing us happy and may
God repay her for her goodness
to us!

Don't you think if each of us
were to speak the foremost
thought in our hearts, that
saying of Lincoln would
be a very common one? -
those words which he spoke
over his Mother's grave on
bended knee - that bleak,
chill - wet morning during
the Spring thaw with the
wind blowing his hair away.
"All that I am and all that
I ever hope to be, I owe to
My angel Mother!

Dissertation on "Father."

"Father" is a grand word! After Creation, Adam, our first ancestor, became the first human father. After generations of "begats", we draw near to the present age. Our male parents are gaining a place for themselves which will someday be celebrated by our nation as much as Mother's Day. It is fitting that we should do so.

From the time a man begins pacing a room or a hospital corridor before he becomes a "Daddy", he's starting a real job. "Carry me, Daddy!"

"Please, Daddy, take me with you!"

It's pretty nice to have a Daddy to hoist you up on his shoulder and when you get older, to be able to go out fishing with "Dad" and some friends.

Even tho' a father's hair may stand out end, (when he investigates some peculiar noise or event) to his children he is a pillar of bravery and strength!

It's father, who invariably has to dig down in his "jeans" to find money for Sue's new dress, Bob's baseball bat and John's bicycle. It's also Dad to help Mother at night to rub out a "tummy-ache" or to bathe a fevered brow or parched lips of sick children.

Then it's father to pay taxes of all kinds - insurances - grocer Butcher accounts. It takes a man with an unruffled disposition and an iron constitution to take care of everything and still be ready to come home to dinner at night, greet the wife with a kiss and romp with the children before they are tucked in for the night.

That's off to Father!

for Father is a grand old Man!

As for my own Father - He has always commanded my deepest love and respect without uttering a cross word to me. And just his presence in the room when I was ill, used somehow to make everything right!

Please Lord, endow us with
grace to be the right sort of
parents to make our children
the right kind of citizens -
with strong bodies, good minds,
and a real sense of moral
values. Amen.